

The Woman's Column.

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The Woman's Column

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COLORADO CLUB WOMEN HAPPY.

The ninth annual convention of the Colorado State Federation of Women's Clubs, recently held, was an unusually happy as well as successful meeting, the members congratulating themselves on the success of their efforts in behalf of the child labor law and the adoption of the travelling libraries by the State.

A half holiday was granted the teachers of Colorado Springs to attend the convention and listen to the report of the Educational Committee. The clubwomen are taking up a practical reform in regard to teachers' salaries. It will be remembered that at the National Teachers' Convention in Boston last summer, Miss Margaret Haley and others called attention to the fact that the average salary of a teacher in the public schools of the United States is less than \$270 a year. A part of the report of the Educational Committee of the Colorado State Federation of Women's Clubs referred to teachers' salaries:

It has been found that a maid working for \$25 a month is better paid than a teacher making \$50 a month. She can actually save more, not taking into account the fact that we do not require a course in domestic science of the maid, while we demand at least eight years' preparation of our teachers, and a teaching knowledge of almost every subject under the sun. Let us set the ball rolling in Colorado, where we have the vote, take it to St. Louis, and ask our great Federation to make it the main issue of that meeting that simple justice be done the great teaching force of this country.

The report recommended that the special work of the State Federation for the coming year be the bending of their energies towards the increasing of the teachers' salaries. A woman member of the Colorado Springs Board of Education, the County Superintendent, and Mrs. Helen L. Grenfell, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, were among the speakers at the educational session.

Although the State has undertaken the travelling library system instituted by the women's clubs of Colorado, on account of shortness of funds the Federation has been called upon to contribute. Each club has agreed to furnish at least \$2.50. The libraries are contained in 88 boxes, and the number of books is between 4,000 and 5,000. The Colonial Dames in Colo-

have contributed a large number of volumes on American history.

Nine delegates to the St. Louis biennial were elected, among them the president of the State Federation, Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford. A resolution was adopted that the Legislative Committee work towards the introduction of civil service reform in all public institutions, and the appointment of at least one woman on each board of control.

APATHY OF NEW JERSEY VOTERS.

New Jersey has just voted upon a series of important constitutional amendments radically reorganizing the judicial system. The bar of the State took a great interest in the question. "Addresses were issued and newspaper articles printed by the hundred to arouse the electors to the vital nature of the issue. Yet only about one-fifteenth of the voters of New Jersey cared enough about a project so nearly affecting their interests to take the trouble to cast a ballot either for or against it." The amendments were defeated on this "scandalously light vote," and the disgusted New Jersey lawyers are denouncing everybody concerned. None of them, however, point to the incident as a proof that all men ought to be disfranchised. The figures of the New Jersey vote are commended to Dr. Lyman Abbott.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

CIVIC BETTERMENT ASSOCIATION.

The newly-issued report of the Civic Betterment Association of Philadelphia shows that out of 369,624 male voters assessed, 164,479 failed to vote at the last municipal election, and the delinquent vote is growing. The association, which now has a membership of nearly a thousand women, has issued circulars containing complete non-partisan information for voters. The N. Y. *Evening Post* says: "It seems singular that a body of citizens to whom the franchise is denied should find it necessary to do this work for another body of citizens who pretend to represent them at the polls." But no one points to the apathy and indifference of these 164,479 men as a reason why all men should be disfranchised. That sort of argument is "for women only." The Civic Betterment Association, which now has a membership of nearly a thousand women, has made an excellent record. Its first year's work has consisted largely of organization, but it has found time also to collect much valuable information and statistics concerning the work of the juvenile courts, probation system, summer playgrounds, etc. A monster petition of 1,700 names was obtained by the branches in one ward, asking for the appointment of a police matron in a police station where many women were committed. The petition is now in the hands of the mayor.

FOX TERRIER ADOPTS KITTENS.

The sight of a fox terrier nursing kittens is said to be a source of much amusement to the neighbors of George Rinkel, of 1475 Hamilton Avenue, St. Louis. For almost eight months Mr. Rinkel's dog, Beauty, has been caring for two kittens as tenderly as their own mother could do. Her affection is returned by the kittens, who stay with her day and night. Though their adopted mother has never weaned them, they are learning to hunt, and frequently catch a mouse, or find a juicy bone. They never fail to carry it in triumph to Beauty, and share with her.

Though the dog is fond of both kittens, her chief affection is for the feeblest of the two, and she is always licking and fondling it. When the kittens were first brought to the Rinkel home, the dog displayed the usual canine antipathy to them, and tried to tear them to pieces. For this she was whipped. In a few days the family was surprised to find her taking the place of their mother.

When the kittens grew old enough to begin to climb, Beauty was in as much trouble as a hen with a brood of young ducks. They would climb the trees, and unless she could drag them down before they got out of her reach, she was in an agony of apprehension till they descended. In time she learned that they were in no danger, but she still seems to prefer that they should stay on the ground.

When the maternal instinct is so deeply implanted in the feminine nature as even to overcome the natural antipathy between dogs and cats, is it likely to be obliterated in women by the right to cast a ballot?

A Woman's Building Association has been formed in Toledo, O. Its object is to put up a building large enough to accommodate all the clubs.

In Pittsburg, Pa., a juvenile court and a detention room have been established as a direct result of efforts of the clubwomen of Allegheny County. As these women wish to instil ideas of cleanliness and morality in the minds of the children under detention, they have collected quantities of neat night clothes, underwear and other garments of which these neglected children are always destitute.

Miss Catherine O. Haskins lately died in Cambridge, Mass., aged 104. The obituary notices say of her: "She was well versed in politics, in which she took a surprising interest." This goes to confirm the idea that an interest in public affairs tends to make women live long. Miss Haskins was an Indian, a direct descendant of King Philip. She was born at Gay Head, Mass. Her occupation was that of a housemaid. She claimed to be gifted with certain healing powers, by which she is said to have accomplished some remarkable cures.

STANTON BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

As some of the outlying woman suffrage clubs cannot gain easy access to the books referred to by the Celebration Committee, the following extracts from "Eighty Years and More," made by Mrs. Stanton Blatch, will give a centre round which any club can build an interesting meeting.

Mrs. Stanton writes of her birth and parents:

"With several generations of vigorous, enterprising ancestors behind me, I commenced the struggle of life under favorable circumstances on the 12th day of November, 1815, the same year that my father, Daniel Cady, a distinguished lawyer and Judge in the State of New York, was elected to Congress. Perhaps the excitement of a political campaign, in which my mother took the deepest interest, may have had an influence on my pre-natal life and given me the strong desire that I have always felt to participate in the rights and duties of government.

"My father was a man of firm character and unimpeachable integrity. . . . There were but two places in which he felt at ease—in the court-house and at his own fireside.

"My mother, Margaret Livingstone, a tall, queenly woman, was courageous, self-reliant, and at her ease under all circumstances and in all places. Her father, Colonel James Livingstone, was stationed at West Point when Arnold made the attempt to betray that stronghold into the hands of the enemy. In the absence of General Washington, my grandfather took the responsibility of firing into the Vulture. It was a fatal shot for André, the British spy, with whom Arnold was then consummating his treason. Hit between wind and water, the vessel spread her sails and hastened down the river, leaving André with his papers to be captured.

. . . "My mother had the military idea of government, but her children, like their grandfather, were disposed to assume the responsibility of their own actions." . . .

"When I was eleven years old, my only brother came home to die. We early felt that this son filled a larger place in our father's affections and future plans than the five daughters together. Well do I remember how tenderly he watched my brother in his last illness, and I still recall

going into the large, darkened parlor to see my brother, and finding the casket, mirrors, pictures all draped in white, and my father, by his side, pale and immovable. As he took no notice of me, after standing a long while, I climbed upon his knee, when he mechanically put his arm about me, and with my head resting against his beating heart, we both sat in silence, he thinking of the wreck of all his hopes in the loss of a dear son, and I wondering what could be said or done to fill the void in his breast. At length he heaved a deep sigh and said: 'Oh, my daughter, I wish you were a boy!' Throwing my arms about his neck, I replied: 'I will try to be all that my brother was!'

"All that day and far into the night I pondered the problem of boyhood. I thought that the chief thing to be done in order to equal boys was to be learned and

courageous. So I decided to study Greek and learn to manage a horse." And she did; she became a fine horsewoman, and took the Greek prize at the Johnstown Academy. But alas! at each triumph her father's comment was: "You should have been a boy."

Here is another incident distinctly influencing the future of Mrs. Stanton:

"As my father's office joined the house, I spent much of my time, when out of school, listening to the clients stating their cases, and talking to the students, and reading the laws in regard to women. In the Scotch neighborhood of the Mohawk Valley many men retained the old feudal ideas of women and property. The tears and complaints of the women who came to my father for advice touched my heart. As the practice of the law was my father's business, I could not exactly understand why he could not alleviate the sufferings of these women. So, in order to enlighten me, he would take down his books and show me the inexorable statutes. Gradually I had marked them all with a pencil, and I became more and more convinced of the necessity of taking some active measure against these unjust provisions. I resolved to seize the first opportunity when alone in the office, and cut every one of them out of the books, for I supposed my father and his library the beginning and end of the law. But dear old Flora Campbell, to whom I confided my plans for the amelioration of her wrongs and those of other women, warned my father of what I proposed to do.

Without letting me know that he had discovered my secret, he explained to me how laws were made, the large number of lawyers and libraries all over the State, and that if his library should burn up it would make no difference in woman's condition. 'When you are grown up, and able to prepare a speech,' said he, 'you must go down to Albany and talk to the legislators, and if you can persuade them to pass new laws, the old ones will be a dead letter.' Thus was the future object of my life foreshadowed, and my duty plainly outlined by him who was most opposed to my public career, when, in due time, I entered upon it."

After her school career, her marriage, her meeting with Lucretia Mott in Europe, after the holding of the first Woman Suffrage Convention in 1848, came the sequel of these stories:

"In 1854 I prepared my first speech for the New York Legislature. That was a great event in my life. My father felt nervous when he saw by the Albany *Evening Journal* that I was to speak at the Capitol, and asked me to read to him my speech. Late one evening, when he was alone in his office, I entered and took my seat on the opposite side of his table. On no occasion before or since was I ever more embarrassed, — an audience of one, and that one of all others whose approbation I most desired, whose disapprobation I most feared. I knew he condemned the whole movement. Hence I was fully aware that I was about to address a wholly unsympathetic audience. However, I began with a dogged determination to give all the power to my manuscript. At one point I described the widow in the first hours of her grief, sub-

ject to the intrusions of the coarse min-
ions of the law, taking inventory of the
household goods, of the old arm-chair in
which her loved one breathed his last, of
the old clock in the corner that told the
hour when he passed away. I saw tears
filling my father's eyes. Feeling that I
had touched his heart, I went on with
new confidence. With beating heart I
waited for him to break the silence when
I had finished.

"At last, turning abruptly, he said:
'Surely you have had a comfortable life.
Where did you learn all this?' 'I learned
it here in this office when I was a child.'"

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S NEW BUSINESS.

There is an enterprising young woman on Clinch Street, Knoxville, Tenn., who is making a success in a business not usually followed by women. Miss Meredith can paint a sign as well as a man, and what is more, she is getting a man's pay for doing it. A Knoxville paper says:

"It is surprising that more women do not enter the painter's trade. The painting of the inside of houses would be a very suitable work for them. It requires less muscular force than sweeping or washing, and no more training or intelligence. Will not some one start a school for instructing women in the painter's trade?"

A WOMAN NOMINATED.

Mrs. Fanny J. Clary has again been nominated for the Massachusetts Legislature by the Prohibitionists of the First Hampshire representative district. She is so popular in the district that last year she raised the Prohibition vote from about 75 to nearly 500, and defeated one of the Democratic candidates. Her supporters claim that, while the State Constitution debars women from voting, it does not bar them from being members of the Legislature. It is desired to make a test case. Mrs. Clary has written a very good letter of acceptance. There is no doubt that she would make a better member of the Legislature than some men who have served in that august body.

THE FORTNIGHTLY.

The first Fortnightly of the Massachusetts W. S. A. for the season was held at 6 Marlboro' Street, Boston, on Oct. 13. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore presided. The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the registration of 850,000 newly-enfranchised women in Australia shows that women are ready to vote when they have full suffrage; and we commend their example to all the women of Massachusetts who wish to improve the public schools.

Rev. Frederick M. Gardner made an able address in behalf of equal suffrage, urging especially the importance of an increased school vote. Mrs. Livermore, in introducing the speaker, said that many Baptist ministers favored woman's ballot, among them Dr. Nathan Wood of the Newton Theological School. She recalled the fact that Mrs. Wood's father, a prominent minister and distinguished Greek scholar, said to her (Mrs. Livermore) when

they had finished reading the Bible through together in Greek: "After this, if any one says that what you are doing is contrary to Scripture, you will be able to tell him that if St. Paul were alive to day, he could be president of the National Woman Suffrage Association!" Mrs. Livermore announced that hereafter she should not preside at the Fortnightlies, which she has done so much to make a success, but that she should continue to meet her suffrage friends elsewhere.

A lively discussion followed Mr. Gardner's address. Refreshments and a social hour closed a very interesting afternoon.

CHINAMEN AND WOMEN.

The wholesale arrest and confinement of several hundred unoffending Chinamen upon mere suspicion that among them may be a few who have evaded the exclusion law, call to mind an occurrence, a year or two ago, when a number of women were in like manner arrested by the Boston police without evidence of wrong doing, upon mere suspicion of being bad characters. In both cases the arrests were illegal, without warrant, and in violation of the settled principle that personal liberty is sacred.

Why these cruel outrages upon Chinamen and women? They would not have been committed against Irishmen, or Italians, or Russians, or Armenians, or Jews, or Syrians, or Negroes.

It is because Chinamen and women are disfranchised classes. They are without political rights. The police are not liable to lose position by their disfavor. Had they been voters, Chinamen and women would have walked our streets safe from arrest. Suffrage is power, and power always commands respect; its absence is weakness. And the poet has truly said that

"To be weak is to be miserable."

HENRY B. BLACKWELL.

PHILADELPHIA'S POOR SCHOOLS.

Miss Margaret Haley of Chicago, president of the National Teachers' Federation, addressed 2,000 Philadelphia teachers at the Central High School in that city on Oct. 10, in behalf of the movement for better salaries, more secure tenure of office, and improved conditions generally. She spoke with wit and force, and was enthusiastically applauded.

Just now good citizens in Philadelphia are considerably stirred up over the bad state of the public schools, the poor salaries of the teachers, and the pervading and pernicious influence of politics on the school system. Three school directors, including the president and secretary of the board, have been convicted of extorting money from applicants for teachers' positions, and sent to prison. The sums extorted ranged "from thirty dollars to one thousand dollars." The sale of teachers' positions has been carried on very generally, and those who have been brought to book are only a few of the offenders.

The schools are run on the cheap system. The cost per capita is only about half that in Denver, where women vote.

The Republican machine has been brazenly assessing all the male teachers to make them contribute to the campaign fund, and trying to assess the women. Clinton Rogers Woodruff writes:

This assessment of the men is simply the forerunner of an effort to bring the women into line, and unless public opinion in the meanwhile intervenes to prevent, we may expect in the near future to see the underpaid teachers of Philadelphia compelled to contribute, as some of them do already, two per cent. half yearly, of their already meagre salaries, to maintain the most notoriously corrupt political machine in the country.

Philadelphia has 42 Sectional School Boards, one for each ward, with a general Board of Education over all. These boards are made up mainly of political henchmen. The Public Education Association of Philadelphia a few years ago analyzed their composition as follows: "It appears that among the members of these boards there are 52 holders of political positions, 14 liquor dealers, one alleged keeper of a speak-easy, one alleged gambler by profession, six cigar dealers, two restaurant keepers, one bottler and four bartenders. Many of their members are of occupations which, though respectable, do not suggest a choice based upon fitness in point of education; such, for instance, as two tipstaves, a court-crier, a watchman, a laborer, a janitor, an odorous-excavator foreman, a caterer, three teamsters, and a large number of mechanics, one publisher of a sporting paper, one professional ball player, thirty-two clerks, one trolley car conductor, and one motorman. How some of the latter could attend to the duties of school director it is difficult to conceive. In all, there are 196 school directors who come under the above descriptions, against about 110 in mercantile and manufacturing occupations, including salesmen and bookkeepers, and 72 belonging to learned professions."

Miss Mason, the last remaining woman on the Board of Education, resigned a few days ago, following several others. Their wish to run the schools for the benefit of the children was too much out of harmony with the wish of the majority of the board to run them for the benefit of the politicians.

Miss Dora Keen, daughter of the distinguished surgeon, Dr. W. W. Keen, has been for six years a school director in the Ninth Ward, and has a fine record of service. But a vacancy occurred in a certain school; Miss Keen, the principal, and several members of the board wanted to fill it with a competent teacher, while the "boss" of the ward, J. K. Myers, demanded the appointment of an incompetent one. Mr. Woodruff says:

During the board meeting at which action on this case was taken, Myers, although not a member, designated by opprobrious epithets the several members who had the courage to vote against his choice; and, after the business was over, he made a personal and profane attack upon Miss Keen, of so virulent a nature that she was compelled in self-respect to leave the room.

Myers prevented Miss Keen's renomination, and was reported in an interview in the *Philadelphia Ledger* as saying:

A woman must not come into the school

board and expect to run things as it suits her. The men know as much about education as Miss Keen does. Nor because she is a woman the men should not be bossed by her. No, sir! I don't want such men on the board. I won't have it. I supported the candidacy of Miss Keen the first time she was nominated. Since then she has never recognized me at all, in any manner; but she always thrust her own ideas on the board and expected them to be followed. But she was mistaken. She won't get there again.

Dr. Keen, if we mistake not, is an opponent of equal suffrage. The state of the schools in Philadelphia might lead him to ask himself the question, "Have Philadelphia women all the rights they ought to want?"—*Woman's Journal*.

Mrs. Lydia Dewing of Natick, Mass., whose will has just been probated, left several private bequests and bequests for benevolent purposes, and made the Natick Woman Suffrage League her residuary legatee. She expressed the wish that a building or block be erected for them to own and to control, both principal and income, "as long as they can peacefully work for the cause of right and justice and equality for all."

The Woman's Journal,

Founded by Lucy Stone, 1870.

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SOME WAYS TO SAVE TIME.

"Time?" queried the woman addressed. "Who ever has any? I'm sure I do not."

"That is because you waste it," was the reply of her friend.

"What are you talking about?" protested the other. "I never waste a minute. I'm always at work."

"Yes, you do; you waste time in work. You fuss over things in a dreadful way. Why, I wouldn't take half the time you do in doing things. You remind me of the cooking-book directions for boiling rice that I used to try to follow conscientiously until I saw how absurd they were, and how much time I was wasting that I might otherwise have had for doing something really worth while, or something that I honestly wanted to do just in the line of mere pleasure.

"The directions said that rice should always be washed in a succession of clean waters until the water appeared perfectly clear; it should never be cooked except in a double boiler, and it should not be stirred but once.

"Well, I thought I must mind, and so I washed the rice for a quarter of an hour, and at the end of that time the water was still milky. I cook over a gas stove, which will cook rice beautifully in an ordinary agate pan and plenty of water in twenty minutes, while the very shortest time in which it could be done in a double boiler is three-quarters of an hour. By cooking rice the prescribed way, there is more than an extra half-hour for me to have it on my mind, and ten minutes more of actual work with my hands. The question came, Can I afford that extra time to do anything so insignificant in the scheme of life as plain boiled rice?

"I decided then and there that I couldn't, notwithstanding that there was running through my head: 'Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.' On general principles, I heartily indorse that fine bit of teaching; but I know that my rice is clean and well cooked when done in my own way, and in the shorter time.

"But we are not talking about boiling rice; that was just an illustration. The important question to decide first of all when you begin to consider the subject of shirking, is whether or not you are possessed of a conscience. If you have one, you can occasionally let yourself fall deliberately below the standard with safety; if you have none, all the standards in the world will not save you."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just this: A distinction must be drawn between unconscious shirking—which is nothing in the world but sheer, unmitigated laziness—and conscientious shirking, which is recognizing the difference in values of the ways in which you shall spend your time. For instance, take a new fad of the cooking classes. Cutting string beans into the thin, longitudinal strips which they prescribe takes more than twice as long as simply cutting them across in the old-fashioned way. Can you—can I—afford to put that extra amount of time on string beans when there is so much that is worth while to be done in the world, so much to be enjoyed?"

"Of course, many personal considera-

tions affect the question, and every woman has to decide for herself a hundred times a day as to what is the best worth while. It takes much longer, for instance, to make mayonnaise than French salad dressing, but it may be that one's family like the former and don't like the latter on their lettuce and tomatoes. In that case the time is not wasted in doing the longer task. Plain boiled potatoes take the least time to prepare, but potatoes sliced, made rich with cream sauce, and baked with cheese will raise the tone of a warmed-over dinner.

"I have found, too, that life held much more for me since I acquired the ready-made habit."

"The what?"

"The ready-made habit. Haven't you ever heard of it? Then my advice is to learn it at once. When a busy woman, such as you and I are, has once fully awakened to the joys of the ready-made, she has fixed upon herself a habit from which she will never break away so long as she lives in the vicinity of big shops, or is where she can do shopping by mail. Why, do you realize that there is not a need of the toilet or the household that cannot be supplied—and well supplied—with no more trouble than the time necessary for selection and giving the money for payment?"

"Do you mean to say that you buy all your things ready-made?"

"Just as many of them as I can. I once had an idea that all my bed and table linen must be made at home. When I think of the hours and hours that I have spent in hand-hemming, I am simply disgusted with myself. Now I buy it all ready-made, neatly finished, and ready for instant use.

"I argue in this way: When pillow-cases may be purchased from twelve cents up, it is folly to waste my eyesight and time on those that are to be in daily service. It is the same with sheets. They can be bought, all made, at about the price one would pay for the material to make them. Towels come hemstitched and initialled, and dish towels I buy by the dozen instead of the yard. Who stops to examine your dish towels to see if they are hand or machine hemmed?"

"And so on through the household—the ready-made stands waiting to lighten the white woman's burden, to give her time to develop her brains with books, her taste with music and art, her body with athletics, and her soul with new and righteous freedom."—*Boston Herald.*

WHAT TWO GIRLS HAVE DONE.

Two girls are making in my town a rather novel success in buying and shipping eggs. I will tell you what these girls are doing, for the reason that I encouraged the undertaking, and they have a sort of fatherly respect for me.

These girls were too ambitious and too sensible to kill time at their father's expense. One day they called my attention to a groceryman packing eggs. We took in the sight without his detecting our curiosity. Old weather-beaten cases, be-smeared cardboard fillers, eggs all colors, sizes and shapes, dirty eggs, clean eggs, and eggs with feathers sticking to them.

The girls came to my office next day and stated their plan for my criticism. Their plan was this: They would rent a room and go to buying eggs, paying the cash, etc., and hoped that the farmers would appreciate the cash enough to induce them to bring their eggs to them instead of to the stores. The plan worked. The farmers took to the idea in no time, and the grocery stores are now compelled to get eggs for their town customers from these two girls. Not an egg goes to the stores from the farmers.

We find no dirty, filthy cases or fillers around this egg establishment. Every egg is washed and wiped dry. They are assorted in four varieties—the white-shelled ones, the deep brown and light brown, and a general cull grade which catches the runts of the other three grades. The runt grade catches the doubtfuls in handling. They have a market for culs at market price, because they are, on account of being clean, preferable to a mixed lot of dirty eggs. They have a fancy market for the perfect eggs in handsome cartons holding one dozen each, and a market for them in clean new cases. The three perfect lots are stamped with a rubber stamp.

They buy all the eggs that come to this town and two other towns. Yesterday they called my attention to a case of eggs that a farmer brought in. They were all one color and needed but little washing. "That's the kind that everybody should have," said they. "We can easily pay that man a cent more than we can for eggs that we have to scrub and sort." To-day they showed me a letter from a groceryman at a famous Western resort. It stated that he wanted two cases each day instead of one, and he voluntarily raised the price to encourage the girls to make an extra effort. Nice clean eggs in handsome little cartons did it. The real markets for eggs are the towns and cities; every city and every town of any importance has people that will have nothing short of the best, and in many instances a few cents more per dozen only makes them so much more attractive. We must figure on fads in this country, and work them. It's a fad with some people to buy nice things because some "big gun" gets the same brand, etc.

In due time these girls will buy, fatten and dress poultry, and force a fancy market for their way of fixing up dressed poultry. The plan is not fully matured, but I am confident they will make it go.—*M. M. Johnson in The Country Gentleman.*

Lady Anne Blunt, Byron's granddaughter, is one of the most striking looking women in London society. She has snow-white hair, large dark eyes, and a tall, slender figure. She is the daughter of Lord Lovelace and Byron's "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," as the poet described her. Lady Anne is the wife of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, a noted traveller and writer. She is an accomplished woman, and speaks Arabic fluently. The Blunts have a winter home on the edge of the Sahara Desert. Their only daughter married Lord Lytton, and thus the two famous literary houses of Byron and Lytton were associated.